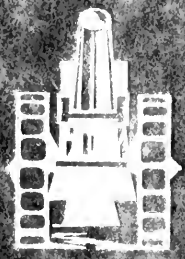
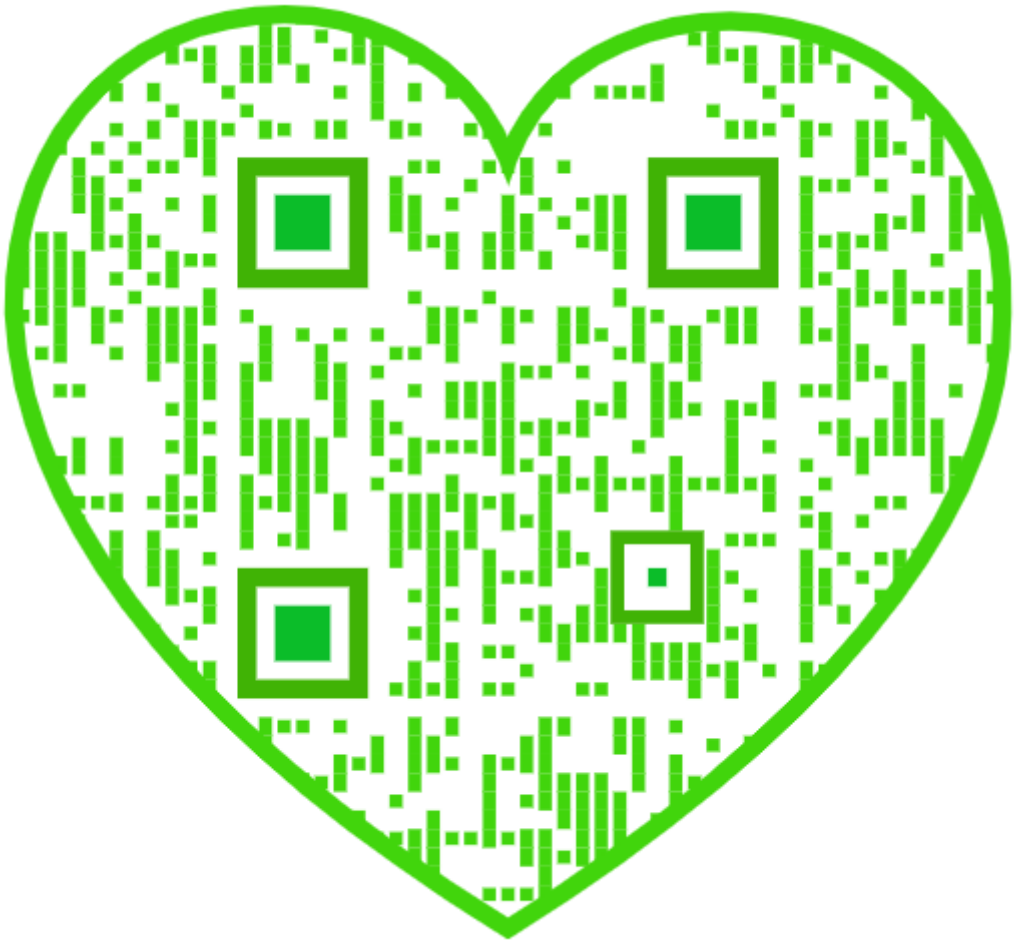
EVERYMAN MILITANT: A Modern Morality

EWING RAFFERTY





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EVERYMAN MILITANT

A Modern Morality

BY

EWING RAFFERTY

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TO

MADDALENA

EVERYMAN MILITANT

CHARACTERS

EVERYMAN
WAR
PEACE
CONQUEST
VANITY
WEALTH
CONSCIENCE
CAUTION
FAMINE
PESTILENCE
DEATH
THE PAST
THE PRESENT
THE MONARCH
THE CHURCH
TIME

NOTE

TIME IS MERELY A SCENE-SHIFTER AND HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE PLOT.

ALSO

AS IN REAL LIFE, SOME OF THE CHARACTERS APPEAR BUT RARELY; THEIR PARTS MAY BE DOUBLED.

THE PROLOGUE

TIME

Good Friends, I'm Time, though not as Time accoutred
In toga, with symbolic glass and scythe.
Forgive the paradox, but e'er I've kept pace
With Time and scarcely yet am middle-aged.
No more does Folly garb in cap and tinsel,
Nor Wisdom in a winding sheet of gray.
One's qualities these days are better hidden;
What oft did ope now serves to bar the way.
In no new rôle do I appear this even;
I'm call-boy still, none can deny me that.
The play's not new: the plot's as old as I am,
But Timely: please again o'erlook the jest.
It tells of Everyman, his fearful trials
With those whom he has set o'er him to rule,—
Each Adam's son, tho' veined in blood called royal,
By some strange alchemy to me unknown.
Think not, Good Folk, the characters all mortal,
But attributes and symbols, all save two;
One's Everyman, thine image, and the other,

His idol moulded in his flesh and blood.
The attributes will need no introduction,
Old friends you'll doubtless see in every one,
Though Wealth's a snobbish rake and most exclusive,
And seeketh not a friend in Everyman.
But I must haste, for Everyman's most anxious
To occupy the center of the stage.
His part is short, Fear not; when lines are garbled,
The call-boy, Time, shall drop the curtain, Age.

ACT I

IN WHICH EVERYMAN TAKETH UP THE SWORD

SCENE: *A hall in the palace. A balcony in the rear overlooks the courtyard. A large mirror is set in the wall at right. A curtained alcove containing divan is set in the wall at right. A stately gothic door leading to chapel is set at left. Chart on easel rear right.*

DISCOVERED: MONARCH *at table turning over papers disconsolately. He rises with a sigh, casts down papers and paces up and down discontentedly. Stops before a bust of Mars and contemplates it. Approaches table, sits on right corner, looking in mirror.* VANITY *appears in mirror.*

VANITY

Why sit ye here in lonely state?

[MONARCH *looks up startled*]

'Tis of little compliment to thy radiance
To find content in dreaming of the Past.
The World looks unto thee for greater things

Than glorying in splendors worn and old.
Unto thee have been given mighty powers
And cleverness beyond the mortal brain.
Be fair unto thyself and claim the honours
Accorded thee by Heaven's bounteous hand.
'Tis Pride, by some called Vanity, who speaketh,
Man's sharpest spur toward paths of Fame and Wealth.
Be not content to wear ancestral halos
But grasp the wreaths thy brain and might deserve.
Thy servants, Wealth and Power, are most obedient;
The hardest tasks are featherweight to them.
O Youth, haste, take advantage of the Present.
The Future then shall sing thy meed of praise.

MONARCH

But how? Tell me more, O Spirit.

VANITY

Thou hast thy five wits. Call upon the second to tell thee.

MONARCH

[*Pondering a moment*]

I'm told there are many ways to Fame. Some have found it through Knowledge, some

through Good-Deeds, and some through Conquest.

VANITY

The first of these be cowardly passive routes. How like you the last?

MONARCH

[*Startled*]

Conquest?

VANITY

To be sure. Thy fathers chose it. Think you all this power came from Knowledge and Good-Deeds?

MONARCH

[*Musingly*]

No-o.

VANITY

Thou hast the strength of thy fathers all. Art thou content with mortal boundaries?

[*Pointing to chart*]

Doth Man dare stretch a line thou canst not cross?

MONARCH

[*Rising*]

O Pride, thou pleasest me strangely. Tell me more.

VANITY

[*Fading away*]
Actions, not words, become thy line, O Youth.
I'm proud of thee. Thou justifiest Vanity.
[*Disappears*]

MONARCH

[*Bewilderedly*]
Conquest.
[*Approaches chart and takes up pencil. Stands before chart a moment.* CONQUEST *appears from behind easel, takes his hand and traces line around entire chart*]

MONARCH

[*Drawing away startled*]
Who art thou?

CONQUEST

[*Smiling*]
Thou didst call my name. I am Conquest.

MONARCH

Indeed? Thou art timely. Vanity recommended thee.

CONQUEST

Vanity hath ever been my friend,— my press-agent.
[*Pointing to chart*]
A pretty picture. Is it not?

MONARCH

[*Enthusiastically*]
A glorious one.

CONQUEST

The moreso after retouching.

MONARCH

Thy strokes are broad and virile.

CONQUEST

[*Deprecatingly*]
'Tis but a thumb-nail sketch at present. An thou wilt, I'll change it to an epic.

MONARCH

[*Eagerly*]
Oh, if thou but couldst, I do wish it.

CONQUEST

Then must I have thy power, thy vast resources,
Thy wealth, thy strength, thy blind, unyielding trust.

If thou wouldst taste the sweetened cup of
Viet'ry
All these must enter in the brewing-pot.
If thou wouldst see thy brow adorned with laurel,
Thy banner flaunting o'er the topmost peaks,
The legend " King of Kings," upon thy corselet,
Then furnish Conquest what is his just due.

MONARCH

[*Ecstatically*]
'Tis a glorious picture.— But I have sworn to
keep the peace with men.— And the
cost —

CONQUEST

Will men keep peace with thee or suffer treaties
To bar the road to gain? Why think of cost?
'Tis but a loan. The principal returneth
With interest vastly o'er the legal rate.
The wealth of nations ever came from Conquest;
The greatest kings, save one, were kings of war.

MONARCH

[*Soberly*]
But He, the One of Peace, was e'er the greatest.

CONQUEST

'Tis true; but He has ever been the champion
Of kings; invested them with right divine.

VANITY

[*Appearing again in mirror*]
Hast thou not had strong proof of Heaven's sanction?
With Him upon thy side thy cause is won.

MONARCH

Thou'rt right. On such a hazardous adventure
'Twere well to start with Heaven's sympathy.
The cause is just. I'll gain the World and rule it,
A favored prince and chartered from on high.
I'll gird my loins, and with this solemn blessing
Upon my armaments and tossing fleets,
I'll rule the World as He would have me rule it
Who takes me in this lofty partnership.

VANITY

[*Sotto voice*]
A gracious tribute, Youth, and sweetly spoken;
To Vanity such words are honeyed drops.

CONQUEST

Such partnership can end in naught but vict'ry;
Already have we done with half the strife;
The other half falls legacy as ever
To him who bears the brunt of battle's rage.

Call Everyman, thy ever-ready ally,
And bid him straightway arm in stern array;
Tho' meek, he hath a weakness for Ambition
That builds him strength to clear the barriered way.

MONARCH

But Everyman is busied with his labors
And hath a home and vineyard in his care.
Of late he seemeth changed and peaceful natured;
Mayhap he'll falter where he once was strong.

CONQUEST

Rubbish. Everyman's born of his father
And needeth stirring. Paint a glorious scene
Of Vict'ry, Fame, and Wealth, the oldtime picture,
And rouse in him the latent spark of Greed.
Appeal to that misnomer, Patriotism,
The cause of wars, my favorite argument.
Hath Heaven not anointed thee the Master?
Command and Everyman must needs obey.

MONARCH

Conquest, thou art an able pleader. I'll do thy bidding, but — well, of late
Everyman hath shown an unusual liking for Peace.—

CONQUEST

[*Impatiently*]
A fig for Peace. An unprogressive chit. She hath not the attractions of Victory.

MONARCH

She's more easily wooed.

CONQUEST

And therefore more pleasing to Vanity.
[*Casts look toward mirror*]
Enough, Everyman is thy servant. Summon him.

MONARCH, *with compliant gesture, strikes gong. Enter* EVERYMAN, *a youth, gay and prosperous.*]

EVERYMAN

[*Making obeisance*]
Sire, thou didst call?

MONARCH

Everyman, art thou content? Thy position in life, is it pleasing?

EVERYMAN

Sire, I am prosperous, my barns are full, my

cattle many, and I am ready for the second harvest.

MONARCH

[*With a significant glance at* CONQUEST]
What say you to a harvest ample for thy life?

EVERYMAN

'Twould be wondrous.

MONARCH

Then give ear. Thy position is pleasant. Thou art well-fed, and thy lands are ample — for the present. But thou and thine are on the increase; will they be ample then?

EVERYMAN

[*Soberly*]
I had not given it much thought, Sire.

MONARCH

The future must needs bring about a division of thy lands. What say you to new ones?

EVERYMAN

A pleasant thought, Sire. I should be grateful.
Everyman, thou art mortal. Honor, Fame, and Power are also pleasing to thee. What say you to them?

EVERYMAN

Sire, thou knowest my weaknesses.

MONARCH

And thy life,— it is half spent. Time grants thee but a short span.

[TIME, *in corner, chuckles in approbation, pointing to earth*]

EVERYMAN

[*Fearsomely*]

Time? I like him not. He hath a reputation for being fast.

[TIME *scowls*]

MONARCH

An you do my bidding, all these things are thine.

EVERYMAN

I have ever been obedient, Sire. Tell me how they may be gained.

MONARCH

By Conquest. Thou hast always been his protegé.

[*Waves hand toward* CONQUEST, *who smiles*]

EVERYMAN

[*Shrinking*]

Conquest? I had begun to fear him through the company he keeps. He hath boon companions in Suffering and Death.

CONQUEST

[*Assuringly*]

They are parasites. I like them no better than you. My chosen companions are Victory, Fame, and Wealth.

EVERYMAN

I know them not, save Wealth slightly. He hath ever seemed cold and distant.

MONARCH

But a true friend when thou hast won him over. Come. Conquest influences him greatly.

EVERYMAN

But I must remain at home. I am pledged to the sweet maid, Peace. See, how modestly she awaits me.

[PEACE, *who has entered with* EVERYMAN, *trembles and anxiously gazes at him*]

MONARCH

She will await thee always. Follow us; then, when Fortune is thine, return to her. Fame and Wealth shall grace thy nuptials.

EVERYMAN

[*Undecided*]

Thou almost persuadest me, Sire. Sweet Peace, wilt thou await me?

PEACE

[*Sadly*]

I have ever awaited thee, Everyman.

EVERYMAN

But wilt thou suffer me to leave for a short space?

PEACE

An thou truly lovedst me, thou couldst not procrastinate.

EVERYMAN

[*Eagerly*]

I'll come back to thee. I swear it. Besides, I am commanded. 'Tis a war for posterity, for the Fatherland.

PEACE

Think well. War hath grown new fangs and is more ravenous. Hast consulted Caution?

EVERYMAN

[*Impatiently*]
Caution is ever a wet blanket. The adviser of
conservatives and do-nothings.

PEACE

And of wise men. O Everyman, if thou lovest
me, follow me. My dowry is such as
War will never bring thee, my victories greater
than War's. War but destroys the things
I build.
[EVERYMAN *is silent, undecided*]

CONQUEST

Peace, Thou'rt like a mother o'er prolific,
And rearest chaff as well as golden grain.
Couldst thou and War but strike a happy
medium,
A leasehold whereby both improve the land,
Where thou couldst tend the tilling and the
rearing
And War root out the weakling and the weed;
Such bargain struck ordains naught but Pros-
perity,
And might through the survival of the Fit.

PEACE

'Tis but a dream. One cannot yoke the tiger
Against the lamb and hope for unison.

Consult the Past. Such teaming ne'er showed profit,
Nor can the Present change Heredity.

[*Approaches mummy-case in corner*]

Aye, hear the Past and know if Might escapeth
The undertaker Time's embalming touch.

[*Opens case, disclosing* The Past *swathed in burial clothes*]

The Past

I am The Past; my name is Ozymandias,
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair.
Of me naught doth remain but broken sculpture,
Decay, by Hist'ry barely kept alive.
These scattered stones, once columns and grim battlements,
Defying powerful Cæsars — even Time.

[Time *in corner scowls*]

These vast and trunkless figures in the desert,
With visage buried half beneath the sand,
Played false and hurled their builders to oblivion,
While on the sneering lips these words appear:
"I am the Past; my name is Ozymandias."
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair.

Monarch *strides to mummy-case and closes it*]

MONARCH

The Past is dead. We deal but with The Present.

PEACE

The Present, Time's companion, is the offspring
And first-born of the Past. Give ear to him.

[*Enter* THE PRESENT, *a child.* TIME *greets him and conducts him to the center*]

THE PRESENT

And I, The Present, born of vast experience,
And sired by worthy stock, the ancient Past,
Forsake ancestral ties to build the Future,
Lest I become The Past, with empty hands.
Did I enjoy the confidence of Future,
Then were we able better to advise;
But always Future hath kept close-mouthed counsel,
And leaveth tattling to the tell-tale Past.
But ponder well, O Youth, o'er Hist'ry's scriptures;
Ere wielding steel, beware the Dragon's teeth;
The womb of Earth has ne'er yet bare its conqueror,
Nor conqueror but met his equal, Time.

[TIME *proudly surveys his biceps.* EVERYMAN *is silent, still undecided*]

VANITY

[*To* MONARCH]

I'll speak with Everyman. I'm never stronger
Than, when disguised as Pride, I plead my case.
Like Ovid's flea, I creep in every corner
And sit upon his brow and rouse his ire;
Or garbed as Envy, lean with hate of Mankind,
I cannot eat and wish all food would rot.
As Wrath, the Lion's whelp, I'm foe to Reason.
With fangs unsheathed I seek an enemy.
For lack of one I wound myself, embittered.
Leave Everyman to me, his inner Lord.

[*To* EVERYMAN]

Come, Everyman; thy faintness ill befits thee.
In Hist'ry's scroll thou'rt destined for a place.
The World is thine an ye but reach to grasp it.
Thou'rt Man, the noblest work of Heaven's chief.
Thou know'st not Fear; 'tis foreign to thy makeup.
Shall others hold what rightly should be thine?
Another tills thy fields and drains thy cattle,
And on thy very birthright fattens swine.
To arms! Such despots merit well thy anger.
Come, deal the blow thy fathers never dealt.
Unleash imprisoned Fury, loosen Vengeance.
To arms! Come, buckle on the leaded belt.

[*Hands* EVERYMAN *a loaded cartridge belt*]

EVERYMAN

Thou'rt right. The tools of War are more appropriate;
The tools of Peace await a later age.
[*Throws down hoe he has carried*]
Lead, Sire; I'll follow on tho' marked for slaughter;
The call of empire Everyman doth heed.
Come, Conquest; thou hast gained o'er Peace ascendance
Thy bloody fields bear fruit more ripe than hers.
I hold thee to thy promise; show thy prowess;
Breathe life into the vivid scenes thou paint.
[*Buckles on belt.* PEACE, *burying her face in her hands, steps aside.* VANITY *is triumphant*]

CONQUEST

Have no fear, Everyman; my victories shall be thine.

MONARCH

[*Enthusiastically*]
Well spoken, faithful servant. Thou art valiant.
Defender of our honor and our shores,
Whose empire, Ocean, and whose fame the heavens
Alone shall bound; a worthy subject thou.

[*Points to chart with drawn sword*]
Dost see what great rewards await thy effort?
New boundaries and fresh fields to rear thy kine?
A city here to pay thy levied tribute.
A palace decked with priceless gems of art.
A puny monarch here to hold for ransom.
Here mines of gold and countless precious jewels.
A proud race here soon subject to thy bidding;
And on thy brow sweet Vict'ry's laurel crown.

[*Tears curtain from alcove, disclosing* Wealth *reclining on divan, fat and covered with jewels*]

Wealth

Yea, Everyman, is't not a wondrous vision,
With Vernay Martin background daubed in gold?
I'm Wealth, thy fondest dream, for thou art mortal,
Piled high in bags and trussed in corners deep;
Doled out to some in mean and thrifty measure,
And showered upon a certain favored few.
Make Wealth thy friend, for even Fame and Honor
Can ne'er provide thee comforts such as I.
With Wealth thy friend such baubles can be purchased,

And gates thou ne'er couldst enter be unlocked.
He that once did spurn thee shall be menial,
And humble be the Proud that once did mock.

[Everyman *approaches him eagerly*]

Nay, Everyman, approach me not the closer.
Wealth's not won by yearnings but by deeds,
Both good or bad,— the source is immaterial.
I shield the Wicked and protect the Good.

Everyman

[*To all, eagerly*]

Let us be off.

[Monarch *hands him rifle and bayonet.* Everyman *catches sight of* Peace *weeping silently*]

Everyman

[*Tenderly*]

Think not, sweet Peace, that thou art quite forgotten.
I seek for naught but thy aggrandizement.
When things are done I'll hasten to enfold thee.
Thou art True Love; thee Everyman shall wed.

Monarch

[*Impatiently*]

What has Love to do with marriage. She was not present at my wedding.

PEACE

[*Sadly*]

Thy path is chosen, Everyman. I bid thee
A sad farewell, but ere thou go take leave
Of her whom once thou termed thy guiding angel,
One stricken nigh to death by thy resolve.

[*Assisting* CONSCIENCE, *who enters, frail and feeble*]

EVERYMAN

[*Approaching* CONSCIENCE]

Why, Conscience, what sorry plight is this?

CONSCIENCE (a beautiful woman)

A sorry plight in truth; thy weakened Conscience,
No longer fit to mark the guiding path;
Once leader strong; by tempters now enfeebled,
[*Points to* MONARCH, VANITY, *etc.*]
Dulled in brain and fit but for the tomb.
And thou art he in whom I once triumphant
Did reign and ever sov'reign laws impose;
Whom once I held a friend to every creature
And had betrothed to Peace, a priceless pearl.
These palsied hands, these tott'ring limbs were strengthened,
Could I reclaim thee ere thou tasteth Hell;
Sweet Peace, for thee I've struggled, but the Tempter

[*Points to* Wealth, *who dangles jewelled crown before* Everyman's *eyes*]
O'er Everyman again hath cast his spell.

Monarch

Mind her not; she's a jade by me abandoned.

Peace

[*Leading* Conscience *aside*]
Come, Conscience; Faith and Hope have not deserted.

Monarch

More trouble makers, I ween. Who are Faith and Hope?

Vanity

[*Deprecatingly*]
Sisters of Charity, female Micawbers.

Monarch

[*Advancing toward balcony*]
Enough.
[*On balcony*]
Let martial music rend the air,
The banners wave on high;
The paths of Glory wait our tread,
For Fatherland or die.

[*Makes sign over balcony. Blast of trumpets.* EVERYMAN *and* VANITY *follow him*]

WEALTH

I'll stay behind. I'm safer here as Minister of Armament.

VANITY

I'll go before. Disguised, I must invade the enemy else there'd be no war.

[*Sound of church bells. All listen*]

MONARCH

Stay, Comrades; in our lust for things called temporal
We've nigh forgot a most important rite:
'Tis Heaven's blessing on our host and armies.
The Church hath ofttimes sanctioned Right of Might.

[*Approaches chapel door and opens it; enter* THE CHURCH, *clad in mitre and vestments.* MONARCH *and* EVERYMAN *fall on knees.* VANITY *remains standing*]

MONARCH

O Mighty Church, we've thrown the gage of battle;
Thy blessing on our arms ere we set forth.

THE CHURCH

[*With hand upraised*]

No more thy ally, Youth; such things are ended.
But pastor, wearied tending wayward sheep.
What strange request is this, the Church's blessing
And sanction as in mediæval Past
Upon the bloody pacts of kings with Conquest,
My blessing on the hand that slays my flock?
Time was when I allied myself with Conquest.
Men said, "The end did justify the means."
Time was when I did ask the Guiding Spirit
To lead the host arrayed in its defense.
Why ask the Church, divorced from all thy councils,
The ally of Good-Will and Peace toward Man,
To offer up such sacrificial tribute,
A prostitute before thy bloody clan?
Blasphemer, make not light of Heaven's bounty;
The day of bristling steel shall soon be o'er;
The sword into the ploughshare shall be beaten,
When it hath stricken him who maketh war.
The Church and Peace shall ever be triumphant,
And sorely wounded Conscience raise her head;
And Everyman shall reap that which he soweth.
My blessing? Nay; such sacrilege is dead.

[MONARCH *is for the moment bewildered*]

VANITY

[*Taking him by the arm*]

Come, heed him not. And thou, too, Everyman. He is Superstition disguised to frighten us. Think of what awaits. Everything is prepared. Our armies are invincible.

MONARCH

[*Pulling himself together*]

Then is war inevitable.

[*Beckons* EVERYMAN *to follow*]

[*Sound of trumpets. Banners pass beneath the balcony.* MONARCH *and* CONQUEST *with drawn swords, and* EVERYMAN *with rifle, exeunt proudly.* PEACE, CONSCIENCE, *and* THE CHURCH *look sadly after them*]

CURTAIN

ACT II

IN WHICH EVERYMAN WIELDETH THE SWORD

SCENE: *A meadow. In the background a distant city. On the left a smouldering campfire. At right a gigantic siege-gun, partly covered with tarpaulin.*

DISCOVERED: TIME *asleep by campfire, head in hands. The tarpaulin rustles and* WAR *emerges, seated on gun.*

WAR

What ho, good Time. Bestir thyself and greet thy old friend, War. I've come to shake thee up a bit.

TIME

[*As though dreaming*]

Begone, thou Son of Hell, thou murderous nightmare. Spoil not my dreams, for dreams are all I've left.

WAR

[*Laughing*]

Ah, Time, thy dream-castles ever totter. And thy latest creation, the Palace at The

Hague, what a pity! 'Twas a work of art, but thou didst build it on the sands.

TIME

[*Dreaming*]

"And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks —"

WAR

[*Roaring with laughter*]

Ho, ho. "And nation shall not rise against nation, nor shall men know war any more."

Come, Time, thou'rt not original. I've heard those lines before.

TIME

[*Rubbing his eyes*]

Ho, hum. What a dream. I've had another fifteen minutes in the Millennium. Now for a step backward into Civilization.

[*Catches sight of* WAR]

So, 'tis really thou, is it? Thou with thy brain-spattering art. I might have known as much from a sight of thy chariot.

WAR

[*Slapping gun barrel*]

How like you it? 'Tis my new 1914 model. I've done with scythed chariots.

TIME

I'll admit thou'rt up to date.

WAR

One's calling's oft proclaimed by one's companions.
An' this be so, my friend proclaims me War.
[*Slaps gun again*]
Man's Court of Last Resort from Earth's inception,
And Justice, Lord Supreme, where Might prevails;
The source of Power of all thy Christian nations;
The Sting whereby Mohammed holds his own;
The Antidote 'gainst over-population;
A sure specific for Senility.
[*To audience*]
Nay, be not harsh. I hear thy muffled whispers;
Forget not; all thy greatness came from me.
Decry me not. See. Yonder sits a soldier,
And there a man who fashions armor-plate.
Be gracious unto one who crushed the serpent,
Whose tyrant coils enwrapt thy liberty.
'Tis true, I have most unattractive friendships
In Pestilence, the Fire-God, and in Death.
But War, like Politics, creates strange bedmates.

Why, these three worthies oft are seen with Peace.
Besides, am I not Everyman's creation?
The natural sequence of his jealous wrath?
This plaything here is not of my invention.
'Tis Everyman who plans these tools of Death.
Arraign me not, but seek first his indictment.
I'm War, but blameless of my bloody acts.

TIME

Thy blood relations, Murder, Lust and Pillage,
Have rendered thy defense a sorry task.
Red as thou art with slaughter, new from battle,
The realms fore-doomed by thee shall curse thy name.
E'en when thy steaming stench of carnage endeth,
And when thy crackling flames in ashes die,
Thou'rt not content but, hand in hand, with Conquest,
Sit back and threat the World with fresh alarms.

WAR

[*Carelessly*]
Perhaps thou'rt right, but yonder comes my genius,
The Monarch, and while such as he exist
My days shall ne'er be numbered, nor my cannon
Be beaten into puny tools of Peace.

TIME

[*Resuming place in back of fire*]
I fear thou'rt right.
[*Enter* MONARCH *with* CONQUEST. *Left* CAUTION, *a sentinel, paces to and fro in background*]

MONARCH

How goes it, Caution. Is all well?

CAUTION

All quiet, Sire, but never well till Fury
Hath gorged herself and chained the beasts of War.
[WAR *smiles silently*]

MONARCH

Mayhap. Be watchful; keep thy vigil bravely,
For Everyman hath loosed his brother's wrath.
Ye Gods, what naked hate thou breedest, Conquest.
What damned Lust thy enterprise exhales.

CONQUEST

Mind not the thorn but seek the rose it fosters.
Was ever Triumph gained without the pang?

MONARCH

'Tis true. A prize unearned is one unsweetened;
The obstacle but makes the goal worth while.
I'm with thee, Conquest. I have signed thy compact.
My benefits are greater far than thine.

CONQUEST

Did I not promise thee a valiant ally
In Everyman when thou hadst stirred his soul?
Didst mark him in his drunken battle-triumph?
Didst note the froth of madness on his lips?
Commend him on his valor, praise his courage,
And tender him yon little cross of iron.
'Tis cheap. Thy foundries turn them by the millions,
And Vanity hath told him they are gold.

MONARCH

Leave that to me, Conquest. Beguiling Everyman is Royalty's most serious duty.
Else how would we wear crowns?

TIME

[*Chuckling half audibly*]
In faith, I've seen them broken.

CONQUEST

Already have thy lands increased in measure.
Keep Everyman cheered up and thou'lt be
Emperor in truth.

MONARCH

Strange dreams assailed my brain this morn ere
waking,
Suggesting penalties for broken faith.
An outraged world did rise in flaming anger
To kindle vengeance for a treaty spurned.
But, bah! I cast them off as silly phantoms.
Have I not Heaven's sanction as my guide?
Could all this greatness spring from earthly
sources?
Can Conscience trouble him of seed divine?

CONQUEST

Fear not. Conscience goeth not to war. Her
place is not on the battle-field.
But see, the warrior approaches. Remember
he doth feed on flattery.
[*Enter* EVERYMAN *exultingly, wiping his
bloody sword on a torn cavalry guidon*]

EVERYMAN

O Sire, this day hath been a day of glory,
And victory crowns our arms on every side.
The stricken foe hath lost full twice the measure

Of precious ground he won but yesterday.
See, here's a pennant wrested from his guidon,
Its bearer — Saints — was but a stripling youth.
Ye Gods, how he did 'still within them courage
Which ne'er forsook till I had hewed him down.
E'en then he raised his voice above the cannon
In fierce command that they surmount the crest,
I hushed him with this blade; then fickle Fortune
Seemed pleased and tossed the wreath of Victory.

MONARCH

'Twas well done, Everyman. Thou dost thy Monarch honor. Come forward. He will grace thee fittingly.

[EVERYMAN *comes forward.* MONARCH *pins cross upon his breast.*

EVERYMAN

[*Falling on his knees, kisses the feet of* MONARCH]

O Sire, thou'rt good to Everyman. This honor I'll repay upon the field.

[*Rises*]

CONQUEST

And how likst thou War now, Everyman?

EVERYMAN

'Tis glorious.

[WAR, *on cannon, silently chuckles*]

Conquest, thou art man's true leader,
Thy trade hath fascinations I'd ne'er dreamed.

TIME

[*Half audibly*]

Thou'rt yet in thy apprenticeship.

MONARCH

Everyman, art thou still fit? I have more ambition for thee. Another race must thou conquer ere my divinity is proven.

TIME

[*Half audibly*]

Strange how they all fall for the Divinity stuff. I warned Rameses about that.

EVERYMAN

[*Proudly and boastfully*]

Fit? Yea, Sire, I crave another foeman.
The very hour I've finished him out there,
This battle-lust hath gripped me by the vitals
And nourished strength I knew not I possessed.

MONARCH

Another race, a damned one, hath risen,
To aid the foe and compass our defeat,—

A haughty race deserving our just hatred,
Though ruled by sons of our own radiant House;
A race whose power at sea hath rarely suffered,
Whose might I have decreed shall be destroyed.
See; yonder battle-lines and deep-dug trenches
Encircle legions of this Lion's horde,—
Each one a whelp to whom we'll show small mercy
Until our culture hath improved his ways.

VANITY

[*Who has entered behind* EVERYMAN]
Hark, Everyman. Thy Monarch speaks of culture.
Thy progress shall be felt in every land.
Thy learned brain hath rendered thee all-powerful.
From thee shall light spring forth on darkened clouds.

EVERYMAN

Fear not, Sire, Everyman shall not be wanting,
'Tis Destiny that Everyman doth heed.
This outcast race I'll hate with all thy loathing.
Its death-song shall we chant ere I have done.
But list, Sire, for my tale is not yet ended;
Another gory chapter must unfold:

A tale of Duty's power o'er finer feelings,
A tale of Duty done at fearful cost.
The tide of battle ebbed and raced like Ocean
Beneath the baleful rays of war-like moons,
When, taking it upon a favored moment,
We topped the crest and rolled the foeman back
Within his forts beyond a town abandoned
By all save one whose valor cost us dear.
This was no cuirassier in burnished helmet,
No grenadier with basket primed with death,
No veteran grinding hellish mitrailleuses;
Give ear: it was a childish, smiling maid.
The city taken, we could press no further;
From out the skies there rained a molten blast
As though unfriendly angels marked our progress
And planned the course of brazen thunderbolts.
The traitor-hunt began. We ransacked steeples,
And even razed the towers designed for God.
No traitor did we find, but this lone maiden,
Who stayed behind when stronger ones had fled,
And from her attic casement flaunted signals
That told off many score of us for death.

War

[*Sternly*]
You did not spare her? My laws are strict on that point.

MONARCH

[*Threateningly*]

Speak, Everyman, speak up. You did not spare her?
Remember: our existence over all.

EVERYMAN

Nay, Sire, I did not spare her, though Compassion
Forbade that I should look upon her face.
She stood against a wall and met her portion
As calmly as the Maid of Old Orleans.
And Conscience hath not troubled me about her,
I did but loose her from a world of pain;
Though, Sire, had I possessed this Cross at yester,
'Twould grace that maiden's breast in dead Dolhain.

WAR

Well done, Everyman. An Death forbear a while, I'll make thee general.

TIME

In faith, I've lost respect for Herod. He was a piker.

EVERYMAN

But Sentiment, like Conscience, hath no standing

In any court where gory War's enthroned.
Away with both. They're stumbling-blocks to
Glory
And Wealth. Hurrah, at last Wealth is my
friend.
He beckons me from cities marked for pillage,
And dangles princely ransoms 'fore my eyes;
I've seen him in cathedral halls and cloisters,
And gleaned his jewels from bloody altar-cloths.

VANITY

[*Stepping forward in Satanical cap and feather*]
A worthy pupil, Everyman. Thy boldness does
me proud.

MONARCH

[*Shocked*]
Can this be Vanity? Nay, thou art the Devil.

VANITY

[*Smiling*]
I am both, though more at home in the latter
rôle. I'd ask thee a question.

MONARCH

What is thy question?

VANITY

What meanest thou by this "Heaven on my side" attitude? Is there no credit due me, the Devil?

MONARCH

Nay, I know thee not. Turn from him, Everyman.

VANITY

Turn from me who inspireth his courage? Let him dare. Am I not right, Everyman?

EVERYMAN

[*Hesitatingly*]

I — I believe thou art.

VANITY

Thy Heaven generally favors the heaviest artillery and, because thou hast it, forget not who prompted its manufacture.

MONARCH

And who was he?

VANITY

'Twas I, the Devil. Is it not Hell's machinery? Come, a spade's a spade. Why, War's the only trade at which Heaven and I can work in harmony.

MONARCH

Sh-h, ere thou unnervest Everyman. Only hush and I'll give thee thy due.

VANITY

'Tis something I seldom receive.

TIME

[*Shaking his head*]
Same old Devil.

VANITY

And now to business. Everyman, thou hast but to follow me and possess the World.

EVERYMAN

[*Proudly*]
I am the World.

VANITY

And the women. What of them?

EVERYMAN

Are they not mine? I have possessed them.

VANITY

Thy brother's sisters, yes.
[*Rubbing his hands*]

Ah, thou art a true disciple of mine.
[*The muffled beat of drums is heard*]

EVERYMAN

[*Startled*]
I like not that sound.
[*All listen fearfully*]

MONARCH

Nor I. Caution, who goes there?

CAUTION

[*Presenting arms*]
'Tis Death.

EVERYMAN

[*Fearsomely*]
He — he hath no business with me.

TIME

[*Smiling*]
Thou forgettest; he is thy executor. He'll settle thy worldly affairs.
[*Drum-beats approach*]

MONARCH

Stop him, he hath an ill effect on Everyman's morale.

TIME

Nay; like me, thou canst not stop him.
[*All are awed*]
[*Enter* DEATH, *preceded by two drummers*]

EVERYMAN

[*Fearfully*]
Away, Death. I'll none of thee, My mission is not finished.

DEATH

My business is with unfinished missions. Did Everyman finish his mission, then should I cease to exist.

MONARCH

But I had not counted on thy coming.

DEATH

Thou art like Everyman.

EVERYMAN

Death, I'll buy thee off. See; Wealth is my friend. Stand by me, Wealth.
[*Enter* WEALTH]

WEALTH

Aye, Everyman, thou hast won me as a friend. I'll stand by thee in all thy worldly troubles.

DEATH

Did I set store by gold and silver, then might I possess the World. Nay, Everyman, I care not for Wealth.

WEALTH

[*Shaking in the knees*]

Nor I for Death, Everyman. I'll stand by, honor, and shield thee in life, but not beyond. Nay, I'll not lie down in the grave with thee.

[WEALTH *shrinks in background*]

EVERYMAN

[*Shuddering*]

But, Death, I do not deserve this visit. I am yet of use in the World. I have Good-Deeds in my favor. I'll call on them to defend me. Good-Deeds, O my Good-Deeds, stand by me.

[*He listens*]

A WEAK VOICE

[*In the distance*]

O Everyman, I cannot come to thy aid. Thy

sins have sorely bound me. I am too weak. I faint.

EVERYMAN

[*Despairingly*]

O Death, thou comest when I least expected thee. Shall I not see the sweet maid Peace again?

DEATH

Why didst thou leave her?

EVERYMAN

[*Pointing to* MONARCH, WAR, *and* CONQUEST]

I left her at the bidding of these good gentlemen.

DEATH

[*To the others*]

Ah, thou art indeed my good friends. How can I repay thee?

MONARCH

Give us Everyman yet a while.

DEATH

I have not come for Everyman but for the brothers he hath sent me. Him I but warn.

[EVERYMAN *sighs in relief*]

On yonder field in bodies torn and shapeless,
In living flesh and shattered gaping skulls,
In mangled heaps of what was once God's likeness,
The souls of men, impatient, wait my rounds.
No fear of Death pervades these anguished faces,
But fear lest Death, in haste, shall pass them by.
No prayer for Life these bloody lips do mumble,
But curses on the tardiness of Death.
Is this my work? Nay, even Death doth shudder
At sight of things Death never meant should be.
The very worms of Earth robbed of their plunder,
Thy Saviour's image stuffed in buzzard's craws.
Is such my work. Nay, Death would fain touch lightly
The fevered brows of greybeards in their beds
Than haunt the slaughter-pens where ye do battle
And wrest from carrion-crows the lives of men.
Upon this Earth, his own, a wise Creator
Allotted unto each a mortal thread,
And thou, with vandal hands, have dared destroy it,
Or, failing that, to snarl and twist the strand.

Beware. The gory blades that wreak thy anger
Upon a weakened brother may revolt,
And summon Death to thee in form most hideous,
Who on his fellow loosed the thunderbolt.
[EVERYMAN, *fearfully, steps back, staggering*]
[MONARCH *presses vial to his lips*]
Remember, Everyman, when next I greet thee,
I'll tap thee on the shoulder. Make thy peace.
[*Exit* DEATH, *followed by drummers*]

EVERYMAN

[*Gasping*]
Saints, 'twas a close call. He — he stretched a bony hand and almost touched me.

MONARCH

Aye, but thou art alive and well to fight another day. Pull thyself together. Come, Fame and Fortune still becken thee onward.

EVERYMAN

'Twas a nasty blow.
[*He straightens up*]
But, thanks to thee, I'm well once more. I'll forget him. He missed me.

VANITY

An thou yearnest for revenge I'll show thee the way.

EVERYMAN

[*Bristling*]
That I do. Where is my enemy?

VANITY

[*Adjusting his Satanical cap*]
Gaze on the towered peaks of yonder city,
Each one a citadel whereon thy foe
Stands guard and mocks thy vain attempts to bait him
And hurls foul insults on thy manly race.
And yon cathedral spires that pierce the Heavens
Are raised in sacrilege to thine own God,
And bishops chant and pray to him, thy champion,
That they be spared the justice of thy wrath.

MONARCH

Then shall we terminate his damned existence
Who spits his filth upon a better breed.
Who dares invoke the aid of our defender,
To arms. Hew down this noxious poisoned weed.

CONQUEST

Well spoken. Come. 'Tis time for pressing action.
The rainbow's end lies there. A rich reward.

WAR

"To arms." A magic phrase. Unsheathe thy weapons,
Turn loose these mighty engines. See, they're charged,—
Each monstrous belly weighted with destruction.
Come, seize the lanyard, start my merry play.
[WAR *holds out lanyard, offering it to* EVERYMAN]

MONARCH

[*To* EVERYMAN]
Everyman, to post; begin the action.
Thy target's yon cathedral; bring it down
With all its cursed mob of unbelievers
And sanctuary-seekers; raze the town.
[EVERYMAN *hesitates a moment*]

EVERYMAN

[*Fearfully*]
But, Sire, 'tis God's own house.

MONARCH

[*Sternly*]

My will be done. Make ready.

[EVERYMAN *takes lanyard gingerly from* WAR, *who smiles gloatingly*]

Fire.

[*The huge gun is discharged into the sky. All follow with their gaze its fiery arc in the skies. It descends. A distant roar is heard. The cathedral topples and lurid flames burst forth from the ruins*]

[EVERYMAN *hides his face in horror*]

WAR

[*Ecstatically*]

A wondrous effect.

MONARCH

[*Loudly*]

Victory. Everyman, thou art a glorious warrior.

EVERYMAN

[*Horror-stricken*]

Look.

[CONSCIENCE *is seen rising from the flames in background*]

[EVERYMAN *falls on his knees in remorse*]

CONSCIENCE

[*Sternly*]

Aye, look; for I am Conscience, the Avenger,
And Everyman's confessor ere he dies.
His palsied frame e'er grovels in my presence,
The Priestess unto whom he never lies.

MONARCH

Mind her not, Everyman. I warned thee of her.

CONSCIENCE

And who art thou that dares make light of Conscience?
Before whom thou, too, yet shall bend the knee,
Who takes in partnership thy God, thy Maker,
And then destroys his house, his Earthy See?
[MONARCH *is silent*]
To Everyman is given power of Reason,
And Everyman discerneth Right and Wrong,
Yet plungeth shoulder-deep into damnation
If Vanity but offer him a song.
Give heed, thou fool who searcheth in War's haystack;
The needle, Fame, no longer there exists.
The laurel wreath of Glory crowns the Peaceful,
Not him who seeketh it in bloody lists.
The youth whose pennant dangles from thy buckler
Thy brother was, by thee in anger killed.

[EVERYMAN *is horror-struck*]
The Martyr Maid of Dolhain was thy sister;
Yon blackened heath, the fields thine oxen tilled.

EVERYMAN

[*Raising his hands to Heaven*]
O God, what have I done?

CURTAIN

ACT III

IN WHICH EVERYMAN LAYETH DOWN THE SWORD

SCENE: EVERYMAN'S *dooryard. In the background his house, a blackened ruin. Before it a few charred tree-stumps. One small pear-tree remains. A lonely pear dangles from its branches. On the right a broken shrine.*

DISCOVERED: TIME *adding finishing touches to the scene. He disarranges one last stone, then wearily mops his brow. He seats himself on a stone in the background.*

TIME

'Tis done. Once more the final scene's completed,
Ye Gods, how oft I've set it up before.
The end of Everyman's grim martial drama,
The hackney'd *Finis* to a tragic plot.
[*He again surveys the scene*]
Nay, there's something wrong about the picture,

An atom of Prosperity remains.

[*He arises, plucks the pear, and after contemplating it a moment, crushes it under his heel*]

Thou'lt never do. E'en thy minute suggestion
Belies the "Atmosphere" and cramps War's style.

[*He catches sight of a little flower at his feet*]

And, as I live, a daisy dares to blossom;
Begone; thou'rt unconventional; what nerve!

[*He crushes the flower under his heel*]

Who dared plant thee? Why, War's our landscape artist.

[*He picks up an unexploded shell and pours a few shrapnel balls from it*]

Thou never sprang from these, his favored seeds.

[*He turns and contemplates shell*]

And Thou! I knew thy stony-hearted forbears,
Ten thousand years before thy hellish birth,
Conceived in slings like that of holy David,
And, like thee, wrought to desolate all Earth.
Thy fathers, harnessed back in mighty engines,
Did oft crash vainly 'gainst the city wall;
But thou, resistless in thy shrieking onslaught,
Thou art the biggest devil of them all.

[*He casts the shell away in disgust*]

Ah, Everyman, why pick and choose kings when thou wert born one?

[*Then looking off to left*]

Ha! The players approach. Some of me must elapse.

[*Seats himself on a stone in rear*]

[*Enter* War, *followed by* Everyman. War *walks proudly while* Everyman, *ragged and with battered cuirass, walks with faltering steps*]

War

And now I'll take my leave of thee, Everyman. Thou hast been a worthy disciple.

[Everyman *looks at him blankly*]

And fortunate, too, thou art safe and sound.

[Everyman *stares at his rags and feels of himself*]

New realms have I gained for thee and thy Monarch.

Everyman

But where are they?

War

Doubtless thy Monarch holds them in trust for thee.

[Everyman *shrugs his shoulders*]

And I have gained for thee honor.

EVERYMAN

Aye, and a twisted leg.

WAR

[*Pointing at the tattered laurel hanging from* EVERYMAN'S *brow*]

And see; thou hast the laurel-wreath of Fame.

EVERYMAN

[*Untwisting it from his head*]

And can I eat it? I am hungry.

WAR

[*Half audibly*]

Everyman is growing wiser. I must take care lest I grow unpopular.

[*Aloud*]

Oh, thou shalt be fed. Thy Monarch will look after thee.

[EVERYMAN *looks dubious*]

Farewell, brother. Thou art safely home. Good-day.

EVERYMAN

[*Looking around him*]

Nay, thou art mistaken. This is not home.

[*He looks around him bewildered*]

WAR

[*Half audibly and nervously, surveying scene*]

I fear I have overdone this scene. I must abate my methods somewhat.

[*Then hurriedly*]

It is thy home, Everyman. Farewell.

[*Exit* WAR, *at left*]

EVERYMAN

[*Looking in dismay at the ruins. He is speechless for a few moments*]

This — my home? That I left so beautiful and bright?

[*He wanders among the ruins*]

My home, where I left the sweet maid, Peace, with all her youth and beauty? And yonder blackened stumps my orchard, that Peace kept so blooming? O Peace, Peace, where art thou?

A WEAK VOICE

[*In the distance*]

Everyman, O Everyman, I hear thee, but am faint. I've waited for thee.

EVERYMAN

[*Distractedly*]

Speak again, Peace. I must find thee.

THE VOICE

Here, Everyman. I'm coming.

[*Enter* PEACE, *worn and weary. They embrace*]

PEACE

O Everyman, I cannot speak for joy. Thou hast come back again.

EVERYMAN

Peace, thou art a faithful maid.

PEACE

I waited on thy threshold till they drove me off. Then, an exile, I wandered over the Earth in search of thee. And, now that I have found thee, wilt thou never leave me again?

EVERYMAN

[*Fervently*]

Never, never.

TIME

[*With an impatient gesture*]

Old stuff, old stuff.

PEACE

And thou, too, art weary and worn?

EVERYMAN

[*Unenthusiastically*]
Yes. But see, here is fame.
[*He holds up the laurel-wreath*]

PEACE

[*Dubiously surveying his raiment*]
And Wealth? Did he accompany thee back?

EVERYMAN

[*Striving to hide his rags*]
He,— he is somewhat tardy, but fear not; I have won him over. Besides, have I not fought for and won an empire?
[PEACE *silently surveys the scene*]
And have I not builded another kingdom?

PEACE

[*Sadly*]
And tumbled thine own house down.

EVERYMAN

But Wealth will build me another.

PEACE

[*Sadly*]
When he comes.

EVERYMAN

Nay, be not so disheartening. I am sure of it. My Monarch has promised he will come.

PEACE

And will he people it with thy brothers and sisters?

EVERYMAN

[*Soberly*]

Peace, thou hast touched a tender chord. Come, let us look inside.

[*Dubiously*]

There is a chance.

[PEACE *remains silent*]

EVERYMAN

Thou art strangely silent.— I am frightened.— Come, the door's ajar; let us look.

PEACE

[*Anxiously*]

Nay. I beseech thee, go no nearer. It is too late.

[*Imploringly*]

I beg of thee, Everyman. Come with me. Leave these ruins. See, all is not lost.

[*She unknots her kerchief and displays some seed*]

We'll begin anew. These are my seedlings, and they shall bring thee forth a mighty harvest. I implore thee, enter not there. The planting is o'er and none is left save the reaping.

EVERYMAN

[*Impetuously*]

Stay me not. I shall enter.

[*He rushes toward the door.* PEACE *buries her face in her hands. Ere he reaches the door it swings open and* FAMINE *appears on the threshold.* EVERYMAN *staggers back*]

EVERYMAN

Why, Famine, what doest thou here? I — I thought thee on the battlefield.

FAMINE

I came here first. Thou hadst left the door open.

EVERYMAN

[*Indignantly*]

Thou hast no right here.

FAMINE

[*Smiling grimly*]

"Women and children first." I am chivalrous if nothing else.

EVERYMAN

[*Angrily*]

Get thee gone, that I may undo thy fiendish work. Wealth, where art thou? Come, drive this wolf away.

FAMINE

[*Laughing*]

Ha, ha! 'Tis ludicrous. Wealth hath not been seen in these parts for many a day.

EVERYMAN

Get thee gone, I say.

FAMINE

[*Stepping forth*]

My work is finished. I'll oblige thee. Nay, do not threaten. I may return to thee.

[EVERYMAN *has followed him with hand upraised*]

EVERYMAN

[*Turning back to cottage*]

Then shall I strive to undo thy devil's work.

FAMINE

[*As he makes exit, with a hearty laugh*]
Beware another on the threshold.

[EVERYMAN *rushes for the door, and as he reaches it* PESTILENCE *appears on the threshold*]

PESTILENCE

[*Extending his hand*]
Greetings, Everyman. I am Pestilence. Wouldst shake me by the hand?

EVERYMAN

[*Shrinking back in horror*]
Nay, I'll none of thee, Pestilence. In the name of Heaven, what doest thou here?

PESTILENCE

[*Pointing after* FAMINE]
I but complete my brother's work. We labor as one. Surely thou saw us in the camps.

EVERYMAN

Thy place is in the camps, not in the home.

PESTILENCE

My place is where thy fevered rage doth seek me.

Thy angry sword doth also cleave my path.
Our trades are like, though thou art my superior.
I seek but those who've 'scaped thy warrior's wrath.
Thy powers have earned my everlasting envy.
Thy daily toll is greater far than mine.
Where killing's to be done I'm still a novice,
I'll trade thee methods; Death e'er favors thine.

EVERYMAN

Begone, thou devil. I'll not rival thee.

PESTILENCE

That I shall, but tell me first where War has gone. I must follow him.

EVERYMAN

[*Angrily*]
To perdition for all I care. I'm done with him.
[TIME *leans back in disgust*]

PESTILENCE

Then shall I follow Famine.
[*Extending his hand in derision*]
Farewell, thou fool.
[*Exit* PESTILENCE, *following* FAMINE]

EVERYMAN

He called me fool. Me, the Empire Builder.

PEACE

Thou wert too trusting.

EVERYMAN

[*Starting again for his door*]
What hath he left me?

PEACE

[*In frenzied voice, and barring the way*]
Nay, I forbid it. There is one in there who is thy master.

EVERYMAN

And who is my master, but the God who hath forsaken me?

A VOICE

[*From within*]
Blasphemer, I, too, am thy master.

EVERYMAN

[*Horror-stricken*]
Death!
[*Then to* PEACE]

Didst hear? I — I dare not enter.

[*Distractedly*]

Who is there who will help me? O Wealth, why hast thou forsaken me? Thou who canst drive away all troubles, even Death.

DEATH

[*From within*]

Nay, Everyman, Wealth is my friend. He oft provides me with a handsome shroud.

EVERYMAN

Then is there no one? Surely I deserve not such retribution. What of my Good-Deeds?

PEACE

[*Sadly*]

Ah, Everyman, Good-Deeds fled at the approach of Passion.

[*The sound of a trumpet is heard*]

EVERYMAN

[*With sudden joyousness*]

Then here is one who will help me. Behold, my Monarch approaches. He, at least, is in my debt.

[EVERYMAN *and* PEACE *give way as* MONARCH *enters, Left, preceded by* VANITY,

both on richly caparisoned horses. They do not notice EVERYMAN, *who follows them crying.*]

O Sire, dost not know me? It is I, Everyman, who calls thee.

[VANITY *and the* MONARCH *halt*]

VANITY

[*Adjusting a monocle*]

Who is this person who rudely calls us?

EVERYMAN

I am Everyman, thy strong right arm.

MONARCH

Why, so thou art. What dost thou here?

EVERYMAN

'Tis my home. Look upon it.

VANITY

[*Snobbishly*]

'Tis a sorry place.

EVERYMAN

Pity, Sire. I am in want. Famine and Pestilence have tried me sorely.

MONARCH

The results of thy war, Everyman. See, my purse is sadly depleted too.

EVERYMAN

'Twas thy war, Sire, and I aided thee mightily in it. Alms, I beg of thee; alms.

MONARCH

[*Righteously*]

Nay, 'Twas not of my seeking. Thy hot blood demanded it.

VANITY

[*Half audibly*]

In faith, I had a hand in it myself.

EVERYMAN

[*Pleadingly*]

O Sire, I beseech thee, grant at least a part of my promised reward.

MONARCH

Thou art ungrateful, Everyman. The cross upon thy breast, the wreath upon they head: are they not a bountiful reward? I'll be still more generous with thee. There is to be feasting in the castle-square this night. Thou mayst attend and sing

in honor of my victories. Verily, I believe thou art becoming avaricious.
[*Exit* Monarch *and* Vanity]

Everyman

[*Beating his breast*]
Forsaken. Even he upon whom honors
I heaped with reckless hand hath passed me by.
Forsaken. Even he whose jeweled scepter
Came from these stricken hands doth now reject
The former champion of his very birthright,
The staunch defender of his majesty.
"A fool," the proverb saith, "who trusts in princes."
Thrice fool is he who raiseth o'er him kings.
[*He surveys his ruined home*]
And this, the gratitude of faithless monarchs.
This, the harvest reaped by War's fell scythe.
The fields of youth plowed up by murd'rous engines,
Then sowed with skulls of mangled harmless babes.
[*He holds forth his hands*]
The guilt's mine too. My breast's laid bare for Vengeance.
Already Conscience's blade hath pierced me here,
With sight of drowning mothers thrusting infants

Aloft for one last gurgling draught of air.
[Conscience *appears at left*]

Conscience

Nor have I finished yet with thee, poor mortal;
Thy meed of unction hath not yet been served.
Such pictures shall I paint while thou art extant;
Perhaps they'll right a path that tends to swerve.
To Everyman I say, "Offend not Conscience,
Whose inquest searcheth through with piercing eye,
And bares the hidden tumor whose existence
A thousand lying tombstones may deny."
[Everyman *hides his face in anguish*]

Everyman

Conscience, thou art right. I reap the whirlwind.
Before thee, freely, I acknowledge all.
Is refuge to be found in expiation?
Will scores be balanced when this blade shall fall?
[Everyman *holds dagger aloft*]

Conscience

Art thou not sated yet with scenes of bloodshed?

Wouldst add the crime of cowardice to thy list?
Seek solace on this Earth which thou hast blackened.
Remember Hope remains where Life exists.

EVERYMAN

[*Despairingly*]
But where?

CONSCIENCE

Look to the sweet maid, Peace, for future guidance.
Her fields have ever borne the sweetest fruits.
Nor call on worldly aids which ever fail thee,
Forget not One who ne'er forgetteth thee.
[PEACE *points to shrine on the right*]

EVERYMAN

[*Cowering in terror*]
Nay, nay; I cannot. I have blasphemed.

PEACE

As have others.

EVERYMAN

[*Hesitating*]
But I have destroyed his house. I have cast out Belief.

PEACE

Thou canst not.

[*A shaft of brilliant light illumines the shrine.* EVERYMAN, *bewildered, casts aside his sword and kneels before the shrine*]

TIME

[*After a moment's stretching*]
Ever the last resort.

PEACE

[*Assisting* EVERYMAN *to rise*]
Come, Everyman, thou art mine again.

[*Exeunt* EVERYMAN *and* PEACE *on right.* DEATH *appears on the threshold, contemplates them for a moment, then with a smile he inverts his hour-glass, and follows slowly after*]

[TIME *arises and picks up* EVERYMAN'S *sword. He contemplates it*]

TIME

I'll preserve this; Everyman will be after it again.

[*He slowly proceeds to the right and draws the curtain*]

CURTAIN

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